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PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND MARRIED TO SUBJECTS.

FROM the legendary days when King Cophetua wedded the beggar-girl, to the authentic period when James, Duke of York, married Anne Hyde, many female subjects of England have been raised by the love of princes to queenly state. Osberga (mother of Alfred the Great), Elgiva, Elfrida, Editha, Elizabeth Woodville, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Catharine Howard, Catharine Parr, are names which at once occur to us; but the royal daughters of England have much more rarely descended to a union with subjects. Since the Conquest, only six princesses have thus married.

At a time when a fair and popular princess is about to follow their example, a brief notice of these alliances may not be uninteresting.

Omitting Gundred—supposed daughter of William the Conqueror—from the fact that no certainty exists as to her royal birth, the first princess wedded to a subject was Eleanor, the third daughter of King John. Left an orphan at the age of twelve months, the royal infant was offered in marriage at four years old to William, Earl of Pembroke, son and successor to the great Protector, who had driven back the tide of French invasion, and placed the crown on the head of John's son, the boy-king, Henry III.

Earl William's power (when, at the end of three years, England lost her great Regent) was so extensive, that the Council of Regency were most desirous to secure his allegiance to the crown. His loyalty could not be relied on, as his noble father's might have been, and state policy counselled the adoption of any honourable means of enlisting his warm support for the young king; therefore, the hand of the baby-princess was offered to him, as a bond of union between the too powerful subject and his little suzerain. The earl—a widower forty years of age—at first hesitated; but tempted by the honour of the alliance, he finally accepted the infant bride, in preference to the sister of the king of Scots, whose hand was also proffered for his acceptance.

The purposed marriage met, however, with most vehement opposition from his brother-peers, as soon as it was announced to them. They indignantly represented to the Council, that the hands of the princesses of England were not to be wasted on subjects, but that they should be made the bonds by which England might be united to continental nations. But Earl William, when once the matter was decided, was not to be turned from his purpose; he held the royal counsellors to their word; and after a few years' delay, the child-princess was wedded to the mature warrior, who was old enough to be her grandfather.

The little countess remained, of course, in her brother's palace; but Earl William passed all the leisure of his warlike existence near the court, and managed (as she advanced towards womanhood) to win the passionate love of his young wife. In truth, among the assembled nobles of England, the equal of the great Earl-marshal, for princely presence, martial prowess, and nobleness of nature, could not be found.

When Eleanor had attained the age of fourteen, she passed to her husband's home; and accompanied him immediately afterwards to Brittany (with the king and his army), on an expedition undertaken at the entreaty of his mother, the dowager queen Isabella, who had married the Earl of March. The undertaking proved a fruitless one, and would have been disgraceful to England, had not Earl William lingered in France after the king had left for England, and by his prowess redeemed the honour of his country. The Earls of Chester and Albemarle also remained for the same purpose; and the young princess, guarded by the valour of these nobles, and the love of her warrior husband, shared the dangers and excitement of the camp.

On their return to their native country, Earl William took his royal bride to Ireland, where his greatest estates lay; and they lingered amidst the wild Irish kernes, till tidings of fresh honour about to be bestowed upon the House of Pembroke, called them back to England. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, the young king's brother, then heir-

presumptive to the throne, was about to marry the earl's sister—the widowed Countess of Gloucester—who would thus become doubly related to the Princess Eleanor. It was to be present at this marriage that the earl and countess hastened to return to their English home.

A proud man was the great Earl-marshal when that nuptial feast was celebrated; and little could Eleanor have dreamed how soon and how fatally the bridal festivities were to end. The earl was seized with sudden illness at the feast, and in a few hours expired. King Henry—horror-stricken at the event—scribed the death of his brother-in-law (to whom he was sincerely attached) to the curse which Becket's murder had brought on the family of Henry II., and exclaimed, as he gazed sorrowfully upon the dead body of the great earl: 'Alas! is the blood of St Thomas the Martyr not yet avenged?'

The grief of Eleanor, thus widowed at sixteen, was wild and passionate. In the first agony of her bereavement she took a public and solemn vow, in the presence of Richard, Archbishop of Canterbury, never to marry again, but 'to remain a true spouse of Christ' henceforward; and she received from the primate the spousal ring, in confirmation of her vow. Then, shrinking from the splendour and gaiety of the court, she retired to Interbergh Castle, in Kent, where she spent the first years of her widowhood. Her brother loaded her with kindness and attention, and did his best to secure to her the great revenues settled on her by Earl William, though not with much success.

As time rolled on, the naturally buoyant spirits of the young princess returned. Her grief faded, and with it her inclination for a nun's life. She did not take the veil, as she had purposed, but returned to her brother's court, and entered into its gaieties; keeping up an establishment of her own also, at Odiham Castle, a fortress which the king had bestowed on her shortly after the earl's death.

In 1236, King Henry married the beautiful Eleanor of Provence; and the noble who held the gold basin in which the royal pair washed their hands at the conclusion of the bridal banquet was destined to influence all the future life of the Princess Eleanor. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester—English, and heir of the earldom by his mother's side, and descended from one of the noblest houses in France by his father's—had recently been put in possession of his mother's inheritance by King Henry, and had successfully vindicated his right to the office of Seneschal of England against Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. He was young, handsome, and possessed of all knightly accomplishments. The king, whose chief foible was a love of foreigners, was enchanted with the courtly grace of De Montfort. He kept the new earl in attendance at court, and thus threw him constantly into the society of his young sister. The widowed Countess of Pembroke was only twenty-three years of age; and with the great beauty of her grandmother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, she had inherited much of that queen's ardour of character. In the charm of De Montfort's presence, she forgot her rash vow; and the young foreigner was only too ready to interpret the gracious looks and words of the royal lady in his favour. But the lovers were well aware of the difficulties sure to cross their course of love. The king might

sanction it, for the sake of his new favourite, in spite of his sister's solemn obligation; but by the church and the barons it would assuredly be violently opposed. Much objection had been made, as we have seen, to Eleanor's early marriage with a subject, although that subject was the first peer of the realm, and so great in power, that he was dangerous to the crown. How much greater would be the opposition to her union with the younger son of a French noble, who was by birth a foreigner, and only claimed admission into their order in right of his mother! The lovers, therefore, carefully concealed their apparently hopeless attachment; but the quick eyes of the primate detected it, and the good priest solemnly warned Eleanor of the peril she was in of breaking her voluntary oath. His admonition was of little avail. Simon succeeded in winning the weak king's consent to his wishes; Henry sanctioned a private marriage, and the irrevocable step was taken. The court was keeping its Christmas at Westminster; and there, in the king's private chapel, one cold winter day (January 7, 1238), the daughter of King John plighted her marriage troth to Simon de Montfort. No festivity, no congratulations of friends attended those nuptials. Every effort was made to conceal them from the knowledge of the nation; but discovery became at length inevitable; and a perfect storm of indignation, from peers and priesthood, burst, when it was announced, on the king and the unlucky pair. Very recently, Henry had pledged his kingly word not to transact any matter of importance to the nation without the advice of his barons. Enraged at this immediate violation of his promise, the nobles, headed by Prince Richard, the king's brother, rose in arms. It required all the prudence and ingenuity of Leicester to avert the threatened storm of civil war. How little then could he have anticipated the day when he should be chief rebel at the head of the barons, and lead them himself against his confiding sovereign! But now the crafty wisdom of De Montfort was used against his future allies. By bribes and persuasions, he managed to dissolve the confederacy. Prince Richard was the first won over by him; then, to appease the still more to be dreaded anger of the church, the earl set out for Rome, to win, by gold and influence, a papal dispensation for Eleanor's vow, without which her marriage would always remain illegal.

Meantime, the princess found herself the object of secret scorn and open coldness at court; and mortified at her humiliating position, withdrew to her husband's castle of Kenilworth, where, in solitude and sorrow, she awaited the birth of her child. Happily for her, before it was born, De Montfort returned successful from his mission. Bribes to the papal court, and the influence of the Emperor Frederick, who had married Eleanor's sister, Isabella, prevailed. The pope granted the princess a dispensation from her vow, and commanded the papal legate in England to ratify her marriage. The wedded life of Eleanor was checkered with much anxiety and sorrow. Her husband soon lost the fickle favour of Henry, and she had herself to endure cruel insult on account of her marriage. Then came the barons' wars, in which her husband contended with her brother, and in which eventually her beloved De Montfort fell, and her first-born son also perished. Very

and was the close of the union so inauspiciously commenced.

Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, the great and successful rival of Leicester, was the next subject who wedded an English princess. After the defeat and death of De Montfort, Gilbert became the first and most powerful peer in England. Returning to his allegiance after the battle of Lewes, he had set Prince Edward free from captivity; and by faithfully guarding the young king's rights during his absence from England, after Henry III.'s death, he had won a claim on the royal gratitude. The political importance of securing his future loyalty may also have weighed with Edward I. when he finally decided on bestowing his daughter Joanna on the Earl of Gloucester in marriage. The Lady Joanna had passed the first seven years of her life with her maternal grandmother, Queen Joanna of Castile, by whom she had been petted and indulged as even princesses, in those days of parental authority, were little wont to be. A high-spirited, beautiful, wilful little creature, consequently, was the princess of twelve years, whose hand was offered to the stalwart earl, famous amongst men ere she had seen the light. The young lady had been previously betrothed to Prince Haitman, son of Rudolph, king of the Romans; but his premature death set her free from her engagement about the time Earl Gilbert divorced his first wife, Alice de March, daughter of Guy de Lusignan. The mature suitor of the fair Joanna sought to win her affections by every loving art. Costly gifts of adornments for her person, and much delicate attention to her wishes, were bestowed on her, little in accordance with the manners of the time. The marriage took place when Joanna had attained her nineteenth year. It was celebrated without display at Westminster Abbey, the bride's sister and young brother, afterwards Edward II., alone being present; but great rejoicings, both public and private, followed the ceremony. A temporary hall was erected at Westminster, and hung with scarlet cloth; within it, long tables received a banquet, at which the whole court feasted, and where the mirth waxed so fast and furious, that the tables were actually broken by the riotous guests. The beautiful Joanna wore a costly zone and head-dress of gold, studded with rubies and emeralds, the gift of her father; her sister received splendid gifts from the proud bridegroom. Next day, the Queen Eleanor of Castile placed five horses at the bride's disposal for five days, to go 'where she would for her amusement.' But Joanna was anxious to visit the many noble castles which now called her lady, and at her wish the earl took her from court; and after a brief tour, the wedded pair returned, and settled for a time near London, in one of the loveliest spots then to be found in Middlesex—Clerkenwell!

'In the north suburbs of London,' says Fitz Stephen, who wrote in 1190, 'are choice fountains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth from amidst glittering pebbles. One of these is called Clerk's Well, because the youths and students of the city are wont to stroll thither to breathe the air, and drink of the waters of the fountain.'

Here, where the river Holeybourne (or Holborn) danced westwards between banks of verdure, and where hill, and dale, and woody covert made an

Arcadia, Earl Gilbert took his wife, and here began the happy union which lasted for five years. Joanna had three lovely children; her husband was devoted to her and to them; while she entered into his schemes and manly ambitions, and took her place with earnestness and vivacity in the ranks of English matronage.

But the end came too soon. Full of years and honours, the great Earl of Gloucester died at his castle of Monmouth, leaving to his young widow, by the terms of their marriage-settlement, all his vast possessions and ancient titles; to which his boy-son did not, as we might suppose, at once succeed. The countess took the oath of homage to her father, as her feudal lord, and then withdrew, to pass the years of her widowhood in Wales, leaving her three little babes at Bristol Castle, under the care of persons appointed by the king. And now begins the romance of Joanna's story.

Amongst the retinue of Earl Gilbert was a youth called Ralph de Monthermer, a 'squire of low degree,' boasting of no high descent or broad acres—a mere soldier of fortune. The widowed countess retained him in her service; and amidst the solitudes of Wales began a 'love-passage' between the royal princess and the squire, which ended in a secret marriage. Before it took place, however, Joanna—who, in the spirit of her age, doubtless thought the spurs of knighthood sufficed to make a man the equal of prince or peer—sent the youth to court with a letter of entreaty from herself that Edward would knight him, in reward for his faithful services. The unsuspecting king at once complied with her request; and then De Monthermer returned to his fair mistress, to become at once the monarch's son-in-law. Shortly afterwards, however, rumours of the too great favour in which the countess held her young retainer reached the ears of the king; and although he was still ignorant of the full extent of his daughter's folly, Edward's wrath was kindled. He sent his confessor to inquire into the truth of the scandals about Joanna; and meantime ordered his escheators on both sides the Trent forthwith to take possession of the lands, goods, and chattels of the Countess of Gloucester and Hertford, both in England and Wales, and 'to keep them safely, as they valued their lives.' Thus the princess was reduced from queenly state and prosperity to dependence on her father, who only allowed her a sufficient income to support herself and children. Probably the king believed that this act would prevent the mercenary designs of an adventurer, as well as subdue the proud spirit of his daughter. At the same time he entered into a correspondence with Amadeus, Earl of Savoy, who had asked for the hand of the widowed countess.

Joanna was in an agony of anxiety and distress. A wedded wife, she learned that her father had concluded a marriage-treaty for her, which would compel her to own the truth; and she trembled at the mere idea of the mighty Plantagenet's wrath. In her perplexity, she hurried to England, to ask counsel of her dearest friend, the dowager Countess of Pembroke, widow of William de Valence. This lady resided with her daughter at Goodrich Castle. Thither Joanna commanded her children's servants to send her little son; and then she confided to her pitying friend the story of her imprudent secret marriage.

The Countess of Pembroke advised her to speak

boldly to her father at once, and to tell him the whole truth; and Joanna—first sending her children before her, that the sight of the sweet babes, whom he fondly loved, might soften the king's heart towards her—departed to seek Edward, and make her confession.

The anger of the monarch was terrible, when her tale was told. He ordered the immediate arrest and imprisonment of the audacious knight, who was at once sent to Bristol Castle; and from his daughter's sequestered estates he extorted the payment of all sums owing from them to the crown. All was anxiety and trouble at court. The princess, under the displeasure of the king, found few friends; yet one was faithful to her, and boldly interceded for her. This was Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham. At his entreaty, the father permitted his daughter to see him, and to plead her own cause; and Joanna shewed in this trial great spirit and frankness.

'It is not considered ignominious,' she said, 'or disgraceful for a great earl to take a poor and mean woman to wife; neither, on the other hand, is it worthy of blame, or too hard a thing to raise to honour a gallant youth.'

Appeased by his daughter's arguments and entreaties, Edward at length forgave her, and released her husband. The countess's property was restored to her; and after a time, Ralph de Monthermer (who won the love of Edward, as well as of his daughter) was permitted to assume the titles of Earl of Gloucester and Hertford in right of his wife. He became afterwards one of the most trusted and valiant of Edward's captains in the Scottish wars.

Joanna accompanied her husband on his military expeditions, and appears to have lived happily with him during their ten years' union. She died at the early age of thirty-four. The House of York was descended from her third daughter, Elizabeth.

Margaret, the third daughter of Edward III., was the next princess wedded to a subject. John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, son of Lawrence Hastings, and Agnes, daughter of the Roger Mortimer of evil fame, became, by his father's death, a royal ward while still an infant. He was brought up with the royal children, and as he approached manhood, became the sworn brother-at-arms of Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge. Edward probably perceived great promise in the friend of his young son; for while the Lady Margaret was still a mere child, he bestowed her in marriage on the young earl. The princess, however, died very shortly afterwards.

A long interval follows before another marriage between a royal maiden and a subject of the crown occurs; and then we find three instances in the family of Edward IV. These princesses had all shared the dangers which beset the children of Elizabeth Woodville, when the usurper Richard III. stained the White Rose with kindred blood. The marriage of their sister, Elizabeth of York, with Henry VII. restored them to comparative safety and to the splendour of a court. The young queen treated her girl-sisters with almost maternal tenderness, and her affection was returned by the sincerest love on their side. But Henry Tudor was jealous of all the race of York, and was doubtless willing rather to see the daughters of Edward wedded to persons of small influence or inferior

rank, rather than to powerful or ambitious peers, who might aspire to his own unsteady crown.

Cecilia Plantagenet was sixteen when her father died. She was very beautiful, and highly educated, as were all the princesses of the House of York, for Edward IV. had not only caused his daughters to be taught reading and writing, but had had them instructed in French and Spanish. It was on no prince, however, that the hand of this royal damsel was bestowed. Her choice fell on Lord Wells, the step-uncle of the king, a man more than twenty years her senior, and a devoted Lancastrian. Fuller says: 'She *would* marry him—the king wishing rather to keep her single;' probably, therefore, it was a marriage of affection.

His death left her a rich widow; and in 1503 she entered into second wedlock with a person so much her inferior, that even Joanna's unequal match afforded no parallel to it. Cecilia's second husband was named Thomas Kyme, a simple country gentleman, unknown to history. The princess bribed her royal brother-in-law to consent to the match, by entreating his immediate acceptance of four of her manors in Lincolnshire, and assigning to him the use of the whole income of her late husband's estates, for a period of ten years after her own death. It is singular to find that her heirs—the relatives of Lord Wells—acquiesced in being for thus long disinherited. By what means the lady had induced them to second her wishes, we do not learn. After her marriage with Thomas Kyme, the Princess Cecilia withdrew from court, and found, it is to be hoped, domestic peace and happiness in a modest home in the Isle of Wight. Here she died, and was buried in the Abbey of Quarrera.

Anne Plantagenet, fifth daughter of Edward IV., was taken to dwell with her royal sister Queen Elizabeth, and appears to have been especially the pet and darling of the heiress of the House of York. It was little Lady Anne who carried the chrisome cloth at the baptism of the infant Prince Arthur, her baby-nephew, dressed and attended according to her princely rank; and it was for her that we shall find Elizabeth taxing her slender means, when, to make Anne happy, the queen consented to marry her to Lord Thomas Howard, son of that Duke of Norfolk who fought for Richard III. at Bosworth Field. Anne and her young lover, who was but a year older than herself, had known each other from childhood, for his father had been a personal attendant of Edward IV.'s, and always a true adherent to the White Rose. Imprisoned after the king's accession, the Duke of Norfolk had been afterwards pardoned by Henry, and had accepted office about the court, acknowledging, doubtless, the Lancastrian monarch as sharing the undoubted rights of Elizabeth of York. And thus, after both had suffered great adversity, the son of the Howards and the daughter of the Plantagenets met again in their youth, and loved each other.

Elizabeth, who had seen so much of the peril and sorrow which in those troublous times attended a crown, was not unwilling to find, in the young and chivalrous adherent of her House, a protector for her sister.

Henry VII. permitted the marriage, and even honoured the ceremony with his presence; but the miser-king could not persuade himself to pay the ten thousand marks which Edward IV. had

bequeathed to his daughter Anne as a bridal portion. It was Elizabeth of York who, from her small means, settled on her sister, 'for her convenient diet in meat and drink for every week in the year, 20s. ;' for her attendants, L51, 11s. 8d. per annum ; and for seven horses for her use, L16, 9s. 4d. For these expenses, an annuity of L120 was settled on Anne, to which the king contributed L26 per annum by a grant of crown lands. The queen also undertook to provide apparel for Lady Anne till the death of the Earl of Surrey—thus the duke was styled—should put the young couple in possession of their inheritance. The Lady Anne retired from court after her marriage, and remained in peaceful seclusion with her gallant husband, whose great career she did not live to witness. She died of decline fifteen years after her marriage, leaving no living child, though she had been the mother of four infants. 'By his second wife, Anne's beloved Thomas Howard was the father of the poet Earl of Surrey.

Anne's sister, the Princess Catharine, was only four years old when the whole trembling royal family took sanctuary in fear of their cruel kinsman of Gloucester. After her sister Elizabeth's marriage, Catharine and the baby-bride Plantagenet dwelt with their mother the dowager queen, Elizabeth Woodville ; but when the royal widow died in 1492, the young princess was transferred to the home of her eldest sister, and became one of the beauties of her court. Here the fair Catharine won the love of the young Lord William Courtenay, eldest son of the Earl of Devon.

Among the peers of England, not one could claim a more honourable descent than that of the Courtenays. They were descended from Louis VI. of France, and had worn in former years the crown of the Eastern Empire. By marriages with the grand-daughter of Edward I. and the great-grand-daughter of Edward III., they had become connected with the blood-royal of England. Ever faithful to the fortunes of the Red Rose, the sons of the fifth Earl of Devon perished—one on the battle-field, and two on the scaffold—in its cause ; and when Henry VII. succeeded to the throne, no male heirs of the direct line remained. But a cousin of the last earl, Sir Edward Courtenay, had been one of Henry Tudor's warmest adherents ; and on Richmond's accession to the throne, he was created by the grateful king, Earl of Devon, and obtained the lands of the last earl, as well as the restoration of his own, forfeited under the rule of the House of York.

It was his son who ventured to raise his eyes to the fair sister of the queen ; and Henry, still mindful of past services, and willing to ignore the royal birth of his queen's sisters, readily accorded his consent to the marriage. The Earl of Devon, proud of the honour conferred on him by the alliance, at once settled his whole property on his son and royal daughter-in-law, reserving only a life annuity on the estates to himself. In default of Lord William's heirs, the estates of the Courtenays were to revert to the king. Thus generously endowed by the Lancastrian earl, the young couple lived in princely style at Tiverton, or at the ancestral home of the Courtenays. They had three children—two sons, Henry and Edward, and a daughter, Margaret.

Lord William bravely defended the city of Exeter against the forces of Perkin Warbeck, and was high

in favour with Henry, at whose court the Lady Catharine—a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen—and the chivalrous young Courtenay, who was remarkable for skill in all knightly accomplishments, were the chief ornaments. But after seven years of splendour and prosperity, misfortune fell upon the wedded pair.

The princess's cousin, Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk—son of Elizabeth Plantagenet, the sister of Edward IV.—was indicted for a murder which he had committed in a fit of passion, and arraigned at the King's Bench. Henry pardoned him ; but enraged at what he considered the indignity of being brought before the justices, De la Pole fled to the court of Burgundy—to his aunt, Margaret—the unwearied enemy of the House of Lancaster.

The jealousy of the king was roused by the Plantagenet prince—a male heir of the House of York—residing under the roof of the woman by whom so many plots against his crown had been hatched. He was aware that Catharine Plantagenet recognised his right to the throne only as derived from that of her sister Elizabeth, and the fact that the princess was a woman of high spirit and great strength of character made her opinions of consequence ; therefore, when Edmund de la Pole fled to the Duchess of Burgundy's court, the king's suspicions at once fell on her, Catharine, and her husband. The heir of the Lancastrian Courtenays had to pay for having wedded a daughter of the House of York. Lord William Courtenay was arrested, without warrant or proof of guilt, and hurried off to gloomy thraldom in the Tower. With him were arrested Edmund de la Pole's brother, William, Sir James Tyrrel and his son, and a Sir John Windham. Thus, Catharine's dearly loved husband was a sharer in the prison of that wicked Tyrrel, who had directed the murder of her little brothers in the Bloody Tower. One is glad to know that this wretch was at last tried, condemned, and executed for treason. Lord William Courtenay was brought to trial, but not condemned. Some feeling of pity for his faithful adherent, the Earl of Devon, moved the cold heart of Henry ; some fear, perhaps, of the odium which would attend the execution of one against whom not a proof of guilt existed—the heir of a race who had shed its best blood for the Red Rose, and who was by marriage the king's brother-in-law. But the cruelty engendered by suspicion could not wholly resign its prey ; Lord William was detained a close prisoner in the Tower, and an act of attainder was passed against him. His estates were restored to his father, 'as not being privy to his offence ;' but after the earl's death they were to revert to the crown.

Thus Catharine Plantagenet found herself, at twenty-three years of age, separated, apparently for ever, from a husband whom she passionately loved, and left portionless, with three infant children—so singular were the vicissitudes of that evil period in England's history. Once more, her shelter was found in the faithful love of her sister, Queen Elizabeth, who received her again with all tenderness, and provided for her children, placing them under the care of Margaret, Lady Coton. They resided with their governess at the country-house of Sir John Hussey—near the favourite dwelling of the queen, Havering Bower. Nor did Elizabeth forget her sister's captive husband. She sent many kindly gifts to the prisoners in the Tower—

holland cloth for linen, furs, &c. for his comfort. She allowed Catharine fifty pounds a year, and made her many generous gifts—undertaking also the funeral of the second son of the unhappy lady, when the additional sorrow of his loss fell on her.

But the comfort of her sister's love was not long afforded to Catharine; the queen died in the February of the next year. The chief mourner who watched by the coffin of Elizabeth was the desolate woman who had rested on her for consolation and aid. The blow must have been a bitter one to the wife of Lord William Courtenay; but the Earl of Devon endeavoured to make up to his unfortunate daughter-in-law for all she had lost. He supported her and her children; and soothed her grief by the tenderest paternal affection. Six years of sorrowful seclusion followed—then Henry VII. died—and Henry VIII., who loved and pitied his aunt Catharine, at once set free the imprisoned Courtenay, and restored them both to domestic happiness. The good old earl had died while his son was a prisoner, but the act of attainder prevented Lord William from succeeding to the title and estates; the latter passed into the hands of the young king. The gallant and chivalrous Courtenay was in favour with his royal nephew, and the Lady Catharine was chosen by Henry to be sole godmother to Catharine of Aragon's first-born son.

The Lady Catharine had a just claim to some hereditary possession, as co-heiress of her great-grandmother Anne, mother of Richard, Duke of York—the Countess of March and Ulster—and also inherited her share of Edward IV.'s private property. She put in a claim for both; while Lord William at the same time petitioned the young monarch for the reversal of his attainder. Henry, unwilling to give up the inheritance which his aunt claimed, proposed a compromise. He offered (if Catharine would relinquish her rights) to restore her husband to his forfeited honours and estates. Unjust as the proposal was, the princess gladly accepted it, and Lord William immediately assumed the title of Earl of Devon; but his enjoyment of his inheritance was a brief one. He was attacked by pleurisy, while he and Catharine were residing in the royal palace of Greenwich, and being unskillfully treated by the physicians, he sank under the complaint, and died in the moment of restored prosperity.

This was the crowning sorrow of the Lady Catharine's life; she had fondly loved her husband, and grieved bitterly for his loss. She ordered masses to be chanted daily for the repose of his soul, and wax tapers to be burned day and night at his tomb; then, to shew how dearly she treasured his memory, she took a solemn and public vow of perpetual widowhood, in the presence of Richard Fitz James, Bishop of London—a vow which she kept faithfully.

Her son Henry succeeded to the earldom; but she herself was put in full possession of the estates of Devon; not merely as the guardian of her son, but as the owner of a large proportion of them, and by the full recognition of her dignity as a princess of the blood-royal. She had her broad seal engraved, 'Catharine, Countess of Devon, daughter, sister, and aunt of kings,' and bore the royal arms of England with those of Ulster and Mortimer, impaling the Courtenay arms. One more domestic sorrow darkened her life—her daughter, Margaret Courtenay, a fair young girl of fourteen,

was choked by a fish-bone, a fate as singular as it was sudden. But the spirit of Catharine Plantagenet upheld her even under this last affliction. She found her consolation, doubtless, in the energetic activity with which she ruled her estates in Devon and Cornwall, and in caring for the promising youth of her sole surviving child, the young earl, to whom she was most tender and generous. A wise and prudent manager, hospitable, kindly, charitable, energetic, religious, this princess did honour to her royal birth. She continued till her death to enjoy the affection of her nephew, Henry VIII. Her son was one of the king's chosen associates, and was created by him Marquis of Exeter in 1525. Two years afterwards, Catharine Plantagenet passed to her rest; she died at Tiverton, November 15, 1527, at the age of forty-eight; and was buried with much honour in the parish church. Happy was it for her that a lengthened period of days was not vouchsafed to her: she was spared seeing her beloved and gallant son perish on the scaffold for simply corresponding with his relative, Cardinal Pole; and of knowing that his fair and gracious boy, Edward Courtenay—the 'White Rose' of England—was a captive for the greater portion of his life in the Tower.

The recent performance of Mr Taylor's play, *'Twist Axe and Crown'*, will have rendered the name and fate of this youth familiar as a household word to all our readers. With him died the last descendant of Catharine Plantagenet—the last of our princesses wedded to subjects.

BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER XLIX.—REST AT LAST.

THAT the termination of Richard's malady would be fatal, did not from the first admit of doubt, but he lingered on beyond all expectation. The spring came on, and found him yet alive at Gethin. He was never moved from the room to which he had been carried after his mischance—the same which had been his bedroom in the old times, when he was full of strength and vigour—wherein he had so often lain awake, revolving schemes to win his Harry, or slept and dreamed of her. The comparison of his 'now' and 'then' was melancholy enough, but it was not bitter. His pain was great, but not out of proportion to his comfort. He had still Harry's love, and he had even that of two other hearts besides, which he had reconciled and drawn together. In him Charles had had an unwearied advocate with Agnes, and at last he had won his cause. She had been driven to take refuge in her last intrenchment—her poverty—and Richard had made that untenable.

'You will not be an heiress, perhaps, my dear,' he had said to her, 'though you deserve to be one; but neither will you be undowered. I have left you all I have. Nay; it is not much—a few score acres by the sea—but they will soon be yours.'

She had accepted them unwillingly, and under protest; but a day came when it became necessary for her to remonstrate with the sick man once again concerning this matter, sorry as she was to thwart or vex him; she therefore requested to have a few minutes' talk alone with him.

'Dear Mr Balfour,' said she gently, 'I am going to disobey you in once more re-opening the matter of your kind bequest. Something has happened

which has given the affair a wholly different aspect. Among the visitors yesterday to that dreadful mine, to which people still flock, there was a Mr Stratum—a young engineer, it seems, of some reputation; and in his researches in Wheal Danes they say he has hit upon a great treasure, or what may turn out to be such.

'Ay,' said Richard with a smile, 'what's that?'

'A copper lode. It is curious that so many folks should have come and gone there, and never found it before; but there it is for certain. Mr Stratum has seen Charles, and tells him that he can hardly trust himself to speak of its probable value.'

'Well, I congratulate you, my dear, on being an heiress.'

'Nay, my dear Mr Balfour, but this must not be. Overborne by your kind pressure, I consented to receive this bequest—a considerable one in itself, indeed—for what it was. I could not now take advantage of your ignorance of its real value; it distresses me deeply to give you trouble in your present sad condition, but you must see yourself that circumstances compel me.'

'Give me the will, my dear; it is in yonder drawer. Here is a letter folded in it in my handwriting. What does the superscription say?'

'To Agnes Aird.'

'Just so. You were to have opened it after my death, but you may read it now. Please to do so aloud.'

'MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—When I am gone, it is my earnest desire that your marriage with Charles Coe shall take place as early as may be found convenient. He will make a good husband to you, I think; I am sure you will make him a good wife. He loves you for your own sake, which is the only love worth having. But, as it happens, you are very rich. In the mine which I have left you—in the north-eastern corner of the bottom level—there is a copper lode, the existence of which is known to me, and to me only. I have every reason to believe that it will be found in the highest degree productive, and for your dear sake I trust it may be so. True, you will have money enough and to spare for your own needs, but wealth will not spoil you—in your hands it will be a great good. To the two injunctions which here follow I have no means to give effect, and must trust solely to your loyal heart to carry them out. I do so with the most perfect confidence. (1.) I wish that this bequest of mine, be the value of it ever so great, be strictly settled, upon your marriage, on yourself and your children, so that it cannot be alienated by any act of your husband: and this I do, not from any preference to yourself over him, or from any prejudice against him, God knows. (2.) In case the estate of Crompton, of which Wheal Danes formed a fragment, should again be in the market, and the mine turn out so valuable that its proceeds should enable you to purchase such estate (without inconvenience or damage to your interests), I do enjoin that you do so purchase it, and make Crompton your future home. This is a "sick man's fancy," some will tell you; and yet you will not neglect it.'

'And you will not, Agnes dear?' whispered Richard eagerly when she had thus finished. 'This is the last favour I shall ever ask of you. Promise me, promise me!'

'O sir, I promise you,' cried Agnes earnestly, and scared by his anxious feebleness: 'your wishes shall be obeyed in all points.'

'Good girl, good girl,' sighed he; and though the effort pained him sharply, his face exhibited a great content. 'Send Charley to me,' said he presently in a faint voice.

'But you are tired already,' remonstrated Agnes. 'You have talked enough for to-day; see him to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' repeated Richard with a smile that chilled her heart. 'There will be no to-morrow, dear, for me. Reflect hereafter that you made my last day a happy one. Kiss me, daughter.' This term, which was uttered very fondly, did not surprise her, for she little guessed its full significance. She bent down, and kissed his forehead. 'Send me Charley.'

Those were the last words she ever heard him speak.

Agnes had told the young fellow how much feebler Mr Balfour seemed that day, and warned him to make his interview as brief as possible; but Charley was of a sanguine temperament, and to his view the sick man looked better: the recent excitement had heightened his colour, and besides he always strove to look his best and cheerfulest with Charley.

Balfour told him all that he had already said to Agnes respecting the provision he had made for her; he thought it better to relieve her from that task. But, to do Charley justice, he was neither grasping nor jealous. Nothing seemed more natural to him, or even more reasonable, than that Agnes should be made sole heiress.

'As for me, I should only make a mess of so much money,' said he laughing. 'She understands how to manage'—meaning that she had a talent for administration of affairs—'five thousand times better than I do. Her father has taught her all sorts of good things, and that among them. You see the poor governor and I—we never pulled together. Perhaps, if I had had a father a little less unlike myself, I might have been a better son, and a wiser one. It was unfortunate, as Mrs Basil used to say: you remember her, of course?'

'Yes, indeed.'

The sick man's tone was so full of interest, that Charley, with great cheerfulness, proceeded to pursue this subject.

'She was an excellent old soul; and, for her age, how sprightly and appreciative! I remember—the very last time she came down to dinner—telling her that story of yours about the stags in harness, and it so interested her that she made me repeat it. It seemed to remind her of something that she had heard before; and yet the incident was original, and happened within your own experience, did it not?'

'It did,' said Balfour hoarsely.

'I am tiring you, my dear sir,' said Charley anxiously. 'What a fool I have been to chatter on so when Agnes particularly told me to be brief. I shall leave you now, sir, I shall indeed. Is there anything I can do for you before I leave?'

'Nothing, nothing. If I strove to take Agnes from you, lad, I did my best to make her yours again. You don't dislike me now, dear boy, do you?'

'Dislike you, sir!' cried the young man. 'That would indeed be base ingratitude; you were always

most kind to me, and you have loaded my Agnes with benefits. I cannot say, sir, how unhappy it makes me to see you lying here in pain, and—

'And dying, Charley. Yes, you are sorry for me, good lad.'

'Indeed, indeed, I am, sir.'

'When your Agnes left me last, she kissed me on the forehead—here. I would not ask it else—but—kiss me, Charley.'

The sick man's voice was very weak and faint, but its tones were full of pathos. In some surprise, but without the least hesitation, the young man stooped down and kissed him. 'I shall leave you now, dear Mr Balfour, and only hope my thoughtless chatter may not have done you mischief. I will send my mother to you, who is so quiet, and so good a nurse, as an antidote. Good-bye for the present, sir.'

'Good-bye, dear lad—good-bye.'

Richard well knew it was good-bye, not for the present, but for ever.

When Mrs Coe came into the sick man's room she perceived in him a change for the worse, so marked that it alarmed her greatly, and she was about to softly pull the bell, when Richard stopped her with a look.

'Don't ring,' whispered he faintly. 'Sit down by me, Harry; put your little hand in mine. I am quite happy. Our boy has kissed me.'

'You did not tell him? He does not know?' inquired Harry anxiously.

'Nay, dear, nay; I am not quite so selfish as that,' answered he gently.

There was a long pause.

'Do you think my mother knew about him?' asked Richard presently.

'O yes—though I strove to deceive her—from the first moment she saw him, Richard, she knew it well. We never spoke of it, but it was a secret we had in common. She loved him as though he had been your very self; I am sure of that.'

'And she knew me too, Harry.'

'Impossible! She could never have concealed that knowledge—with you before her; for you were her idol, Richard.'

'It was afterwards,' murmured the dying man. 'When I had left the house, Charley told her something I had related to him, which convinced her of my identity. I see it all now. She felt that I was bent on vengeance, and sent you after me to use that weapon of which she knew you were possessed. If we once came face to face, and you reproached me, my secret was certain to come out—just as it did, Harry—and then you had but to say: "Charley is your son."'

'But why did she not tell me who you were?'

'Because, if you were too late—if the mischief had been done on which she deemed me bent—if your—if Solomon had come to harm, she would not have had you know that Richard Yorke—the father of your child—had blood upon his hands.—O mother, mother, your last thought was to keep my memory free from stain!'

He spoke no more for full a minute; no sound was heard except the distant murmur of the sea, for the day was fine and windless. The April sun shone brightly in upon the pair, as if to bless their parting.

'Where is Charley?' murmured he.

'He is gone with Agnes for a walk; they will

not be long: they talked of going to the Watch Tower.—You remember the Old Watch Tower, Richard?'

'Well, ah, well!' answered he smiling. 'It is just twenty years ago. How often have I thought of it!'

For a moment—before they separated for ever—these two seemed to themselves to relive the youth to which another generation had succeeded.

'Agnes is a far better girl than I was, Richard; but she cannot love our boy more than I loved you.'

Richard answered with a smile that glorified each ghastly feature, and brought out in them a likeness to himself of old.

'She will be his good angel, Harry,' whispered Richard gravely, 'and will guard him from himself. He will need her aid, but it will be sufficient. I trust, I believe, that evil is not bred in the Bone with him, as it was with me.'

There was a long, long silence, broken by a silvery laugh, which came through the half-opened window, like a strain of cheerful music, then was suddenly cut short.

'Hush, Charley; you forget,' cried the soft voice of Agnes from without: 'he may be sleeping.'

Through the calm spring air the reproof was borne into the sick man's room as clearly as the sound which had called it forth.

'He is so happy,' whispered Harry gently; 'you must forgive him; remember he does not know.'

'Yes, yes; it is better so. Dear Charley—happy happy Charley!'

And a smile once more came over the sick man's face, which did not pass away, for Death had frozen it there.

L'ENVOI.

Years have passed since Richard Yorke was laid in the churchyard on the hill at Gethin, close beside his mother, whose bones Harry's pious care had caused to be transported thither.

If aught of things that here befall

Touch a spirit among things divine—

If love has force to move us there at all,

her ghost was glad. 'In time,' thought Harry, 'I too shall lie by his side, at last, once more.'

Old Trevethick's prophecy was accomplished in the almost fabulous success that attended the working of Wheel Danae. If its shares are not quoted in the market, that is because the family have retained it in their own hands, in spite of the most dazzling offers.

Mr Dudge has a codicil to his story at *The George and Vulture* now, and expresses his infinite satisfaction at the fact that 'ere Coe' came to grief in the end, as he had so richly deserved to do. 'I don't doubt,' says he, 'that while he was under ground with the bats and rats, he thought of that poor lad as he had treated so spiteful. Things mostly does work round all right' (he would add) 'under Providence, whose motto (if I may say so without disrespect) is summam like mine: "Let us have no misunderstandings and no obligation."' On the other hand, what 'sticks in Mr Dudge's throat,' as he expresses it, and is 'a'most enough to make a man an infidel,' is, that 'the widow of that 'ere Coe—she as was young Yorke's ruin—is living at Crompton (in the very house his father had with all her brood.'

Mr Dudge is right in his facts, if not in his deductions. Out of the proceeds of the mine, the whole home-estate of Crompton has been purchased by Charles Coe, or rather by his wife; and they both dwell there quite unconscious that he is the lineal descendant of the mad Carew, with whose wild exploits the country-side still teems. If the old blood shews itself, it is but in quick starts of temper, and occasional 'cursory remarks,' which sound quite harmless in halls that have echoed to the Squire's thunderous tones; and even at such times, Agnes can calm him with a word. If the open hand which is Bred in the Bone with him, scatters its *largesse* somewhat broadcast, the revenues of Crompton, thanks to her, are in the main directed to good ends. In that stately mansion, whose hospitality is as proverbial, though less promiscuous than of old, not only is there room for Mrs Coe the elder to dwell with her young folks, without jar, but in a certain ground-floor chamber, the same he used to inhabit in old times, there dwells an ancient divine, once Carew's chaplain. He is still hale and stout, and has a quiet air that becomes his age and calling. Life's fitful fever is past, and he lives on in calm. The children—for there is small chance of Crompton being heirless in time to come—are very fond of him; and grandmamma spends so much time in the old gentleman's apartments, that Charley declares it is quite scandalous. What can Parson Whympers and she have to talk about in common? In spite of the attractions of her beautiful home, and the infirmities of advancing years, not a summer passes without Mrs Coe the elder revisiting Gethin. The castled rock, up which she used to run so lightly, is beyond her powers; she is content to gaze on that with dewy eyes, but she never fails to seek the churchyard on the hill.

'He was what one would call a hardish husband to her, was old Solomon,' say the neighbours; 'and yet you see, when a man is dead, how a wife will keep his memory green!'

THE END.

TRINGANU.

It was a lovely afternoon in July; the sky was studded over with little feathery white clouds, and the monsoon blowing a fresh breeze about as much as it was safe to carry royals on a wind with; the sea was nevertheless quite smooth, and the air of a delightful temperature.

Six weeks before this day we sailed from Hong-kong, or rather, I should have said, we steamed; and ever since we had been struggling down the China Sea, now sailing a little, and now steaming a bit, against the most obstinate monsoon that ever blew. A monsoon, you must know, is a wind that blows for five months in the year from one direction, and for five more from the opposite; in the Indian Ocean and China Seas, changing in March and October. It varies in strength from a gentle air to a double-reef-topsail breeze, and even to a strong gale. At last, having burned all our coal, and our ship being a wretched sailer, and unable to progress a single mile under canvas against a contrary wind (I conceal her name, out of respect for her misfortunes, she having a broken back), we concluded that we must put in some-

where for supplies, as our water and provisions were running short. We were now among the Redang Islands, on the east of the Malay Peninsula, and our destination was Singapore; so it was decided to try Tringanu, the capital of a province of the Malay Peninsula of the same name, and situated on the sea-coast about thirty miles from our position on the morning of which I am writing.

For my own part, I felt very strong doubts as to the advisability of this proceeding, and entertained suspicions that the reception we were likely to meet with would be unfavourable, for the following reasons. Some few years previous to this, there had been a dispute between the government of Singapore and the Sultan of Tringanu, I believe on account of some refugee which the latter had sheltered. An expedition, consisting of three men-of-war, was sent against the Sultan Omar, to demand the person of the delinquent. The sultan either could not or would not give him up, so the ships were ordered to open fire, which they did, and in a few hours battered the defenceless town to ruins, without a single shot being fired in return. After this, it was only probable that the sultan would not be disposed to be friendly to an English vessel coming there in distress.

In spite of this, we determined to try, as it was almost our only hope; and with the assistance of the fore-and-aft sails, and the remains of our wood and coal, we reached the anchorage off the town between three and four in the afternoon. The captain then landed in one of the ship's boats, and was very graciously received by the sultan, who at once promised everything we required, and invited him to breakfast the next morning, asking him to bring his officers with him. Accordingly, at eight the next morning, having formed a little party, we left the ship, and pulled into the mouth of a river on which the town was built. We took with us for an interpreter a Chinese boy called Ah-yung, who spoke Malay and broken, or, as it is called in China, 'pidjin English.' We found at anchor in the river the sultan's yacht, a little three-masted schooner of about a hundred tons burden, and several prahus. As we pulled up the river towards the landing-place opposite the palace, we were followed by canoes innumerable, each of them 'manned' by one or two boys. Some of the boys, I verily believe, were not more than three or four years of age, and some of the canoes were scarcely more than double the size of a butcher-boy's board. These little boats they handled with wonderful dexterity, easily overtaking the gig we were in, ranging up alongside us, crossing our bows in all directions, and vying with each other which should be nearest us. Every minute one of them would capsize, and the little fellows disappear for a moment in the muddy stream, but only to rise again, right the canoe, vault in, kick the water out with their nimble little feet, and then dig away again with their paddles, to make up for lost ground. I believe it would be very little exaggeration to say that the children here cut their teeth one month, and learn to swim and paddle their own canoe the next.

Before we had gone far, we were met by a large royal canoe, about fifty or sixty feet long, beautifully carved, the bow resembling a dragon's head. This canoe was pulled by twenty or thirty paddles; and in the after-part, under a canopy, sat two of the sultan's sons and his grand-vizier. The canoe

had been sent by the sultan to convey us on shore, but as we were now close to the landing-place, we preferred remaining in our own boat. On landing, we were received by the sons of the sultan, who had preceded us, and they accompanied us up to the palace.

On the way, we noticed the ruin and destruction caused by the shot and shell from the English ships: houses all in ruins, trees knocked down, prahus that were in course of construction and canoes smashed to pieces, and the repairs which the palace itself had undergone only served to shew how severely it had been handled by the Armstrongs. Arrived at the palace, we found a table and chairs placed for us in a verandah overlooking the palace-yard. Here, piled up, we observed some 110-pounder Armstrong shot, as well as some smooth-bore 68-pounder, kept probably as a pleasant reminiscence of a bygone day.

Making ourselves at home, we sat down in the chairs provided for us, and entered into conversation with the grand-vizier, who spoke a little broken English, he having spent a few months in Singapore. The subject of conversation was the Sultan Omar, whom the grand-vizier spoke very highly of, giving us to understand at the same time that he was a great invalid. In the meantime large numbers of natives collected in the palace-yard; and after saluting, by putting the palms of their hands flat together, and then bringing them up in that position to their face with the tips of the thumbs touching the lips, sat down, as if with the intention of viewing the festivities. At last the heads of all assembled went to the ground as if by magic or machinery, and in walked the Sultan Omar of Tringanu. His sons and the grand-vizier made their salute, and we made our best bows, and then, at his invitation, we re-seated ourselves. The sultan commenced the conversation, through the Chinese boy, by pointing to the piles of shot, and asking if we knew how they came there; we replied in the affirmative, at the same time expressing our regret at the unfortunate circumstance. He told us that he was much surprised one day at the arrival of three English men-of-war, soon after which he was visited by a colonel and the commanders of the vessels, who came to demand him to give up some political offender, which he refused to do, on the plea that the man had eaten salt with him, and therefore it would be contrary to the rules of his religion to do so; moreover, he added, I always understood that England herself never refuses to harbour refugees. However, he said, it was all no use; they told me that they gave me until noon to decide, and if by that time I did not consent to their demands, they should open fire on the place. It appeared that the old sultan had entertained this colonel and the other officers at a breakfast, after which they went on board the ships. No sooner had they left, said the old man, than I ordered every one to leave the town, and to retire into the woods, where we remained as long as the firing lasted: shortly after this the vessels steamed away, and I and my people returned to our ruined homes.

I need hardly say how grieved we were at hearing the recital of this outrage; the only explanation of which we could give was that it must have been a mistake—a poor comfort for Sultan Omar.

Fortunately, at this unpleasant time, in came a troop of servants, carrying large brass trays on

their heads, and on each of the trays four dishes; these were now placed on the table before us, and we were invited to commence. It would be next to impossible to enumerate all the different *plats* that were provided for this breakfast; the curries alone would occupy half a page. There was curried fish, curried flesh, and curried fowl; hot curry and mild curry, also curried fruits and vegetables. Then there were fowls and ducks; these were spiced, and cooked in a style quite new to all of us; but they were very good eating, nevertheless. We had mutton as well—at least a near approach to it—probably kid. Of course there was no bread, but a sort of semi-transparent wafer was handed about instead; it was almost tasteless, and although very strongly recommended by the old sultan, I can't say we cared much for it. Our great difficulty was the want of salt; and we were doubtful if, as our host was a Mohammedan, it would be etiquette to ask for it. At last one of us discovered among the numerous dishes some hard-boiled eggs which were very salt; these we used instead, and a very fair substitute we found them. The drinkables consisted of bottled ale, raspberry vinegar, and water. The second course shewed us that the Malay cooks knew something of confectionery as well as of cookery; for here, again, was such a collection of sweetmeats, cakes, and the like, as would have made glad the hearts and bad the stomachs of an army of English children. After all we had had before, we could not do much execution to these dainties, so they were quickly removed, after we had just tasted a few which the sultan pronounced to be 'bargoosh.'

Then the fruit came on: oranges, bananas, pine-apples, durien, mangos, mangostine, limes, custard-apple, and several others of which I did not even know the names. While we were enjoying the fruit, the sultan had caused several large boxes to be brought in, and he commenced unpacking them and shewing us the contents. First, there was a large stereoscope with a hundred revolving views, and he seemed much pleased at our looking at them in turn; and having discovered that bargoosh meant in Malay 'Very good,' we frequently used this word while looking at the pictures, to his great delight. An air-gun of his was also brought out, which, I am sorry to say, was not 'bargoosh,' for it had been broken, and would no longer fire. Having no armourer on board, we were obliged to tell him that we could not get it repaired, at which he seemed rather disappointed. Next came, to our surprise, a bronze medal of the Great Exhibition of 1862, awarded to him by the Commissioners for Malay productions sent by him to the International Exhibition. Of this he seemed very proud, especially on noticing our expressions of surprise; this we also assured him was 'bargoosh.' But last of all came a present which I must say we were all quite unprepared to see: it was nothing less than an inkstand of cut glass set in a stand of beautifully chased silver and gold; it was given to him, as we saw by the inscription on it, by Her Most Gracious Majesty Lady Queen Victoria. After we had admired it some time, the sultan asked us if we could explain to him why the Queen had sent him this present. The real reason we could not, of course, know for certain; but we told him that we had no doubt that it was sent as a mark of the friendship the Queen bore him. 'Then why,' said he, 'did her

ships come here and knock down my town?' And it was not without some difficulty that we explained to him that the Queen, in all probability, knew nothing whatever about the knocking the town down, until it was all done, even if she did then; but that it was the work of some of her servants, who were anything but 'bargoosh.' When he understood this, he seemed quite disappointed; as if, although it was doubtless bad to have your town knocked down by a mighty Queen, it was far worse when done by her servants only. To change this very unpleasant topic, the sultan asked us if we could give him some music, as he was passionately fond of European music, having once heard a piano played when he was on board a P. and O. steamer, on a pilgrimage to Mecca. After a short consultation together, we agreed to send our boat on board to get an harmonium which we had with us, and to bring it on shore together with the steward who could play it. This we did; and while we were waiting for it, we smoked some of the sultan's No. 2 Manila cheroots, and he made us a few presents. I got a piece of silk, a very pretty little knife of native manufacture, and a little snuff-box of a beautiful yellow wood that I never saw before.

The grand-vizier came round to where I was sitting, and explained to me that the sultan was much pleased with me, and that, if I liked, he would give me a monkey four feet high, and as strong as two men. I at once closed with this offer, and two men were sent after the monster; but as he never turned up, I am afraid that the Malays must have met with a stile on their way home with this gentleman, over which he, like the swine in the story of the 'old woman and her pig,' refused to get; at anyrate, I trust the Malays discovered a stick, and that the stick did its duty, for I was much disappointed at losing Jacko.

The boat having returned, we got up the harmonium and the boat's crew to sing; and the music soon soothed away any remains of soreness felt by the sultan, and brought back by the reminiscence of his ill treatment. The songs that pleased him most were *So early in the Morning* and *Champagne Charley*, which he encored several times. He then had dinner provided for the boat's crew, during which he attempted to play the harmonium, watching the blue-jackets at their meal the while. His exclamations of 'bargoosh' were frequent at the way the hungry tars disposed of the good things set before them. Our supplies being all on board, and a favourable breeze having sprung up, the captain determined to sail; so, in spite of the sultan's many and pressing invitations for us to stay a week with him, we were obliged to wish him good-bye, and take ourselves on board again. Arrived on board, we found our bunks filled with dry cut-wood, also a considerable quantity of it stowed on deck, our tanks full of water, a bullock, some goats, fowls, ducks, eggs, and abundance of fruit and vegetables. For this the sultan would take no payment. Yes, I tell it to our shame, this old man, a semi-barbarian, black, and a Mohammedan, who had been so shamefully treated by our own countrymen, refused payment for these supplies. He found us empty, he sent us away full. The only thing he would take was our photographs and a few bottles of wine.

We were soon under weigh again, but our favourable breeze died away, and our old enemy the

monsoon returned. We had to fight it for nearly a fortnight before we reached our destination.

Since I returned to England, I was one day staying at a hotel in Southampton, and for want of something else to do while waiting for a steamer, was looking through a book which was lying on the table in which the visitors at the hotel inscribed their names, &c., when what should I see but 'The ambassador of the Sultan of Tringanu!' On making inquiries, I found it was none other than our old friend the grand-vizier. I wonder if he has brought my monkey with him. So, should any of my readers see a man dressed in a sarong, with a creese stuck in it, and a monkey four feet high with him, please ask him if he is the grand-vizier, and if the monkey is for me, and let me know.

A COLD-WATER CURE.

I HAVE no figure, and have lived to record the fact without any particular feeling of humiliation. When nature first began to declare herself in favour of rotundity indeed, I struggled against her decision. I rose early, and took violent exercise on an empty stomach in flannels and a P-jacket; I stuck to a diet of boiled soles and dry toast with such pertinacity that my evangelical friends groaned over me as a probable pervert; but it was all of no avail: my waist, like murder, would out; protuberance would not be stayed (well, yes, if I must confess it, exterior compression was attempted). So I gave up a senseless wrestle with destiny, forswore the patronage of photographers, and found consolation for shapelessness in good living. All went well till after the whitebait season of 1865, when something far worse than a mere æsthetical calamity befell me.

I have only one accomplishment—immunity from sea-sickness, and a very troublesome advantage it is. It would never do, you see, to let a solitary talent lie quite idle, so I feel it a moral duty to travel by water instead of by rail whenever I can, though the latter mode is very much more comfortable, convenient, and expeditious. Late in the summer of the year above mentioned, then, I started for the Rhine by the Rotterdam steamboat from London Bridge. The voyage was rough, and only one passenger besides myself enjoyed his dinner, a sympathetic coincidence which naturally drew us together.

He was a young man of affable manners, and florid taste in dress, whose occupation, exact social position, and even nationality, it was difficult to define. Sometimes I took him for a commercial traveller, then for a clerk in a counting-house, and then for a man of independent means, whose companions in early life had been somewhat mixed. His inquisitiveness was American, his vulgarity British, his jewellery Teutonic. Was he a Dutchman, who had lived a great deal in England, or an Englishman who had resided much in Holland? Both languages seemed natural to him. I tried to make him talk about himself, and found, after a time, that he was practising a precisely similar experiment upon me; only he was successful, and I was not. What a difference that makes, eh?

I hate curiosity—in other people—and I avoided his snares at first; but in the evening, after we had had a glass of grog together with the skipper, and were smoking and staggering up and down

the see-saw of a deck, I was certainly less cautious and more egotistical. Who but a professional diplomatist can keep his counsel in the dark? I don't know that it matters much, when there is no reason for concealment, but it seems stupid to tell your name, residence, and business, to a chance acquaintance who does not inspire you with any particular admiration. All the information I got in return consisted of the uninteresting fact, that my companion never carried circular notes in his travels.

'I cannot see the use of them,' said he; 'bank-notes are much more convenient; one always gets the full value for them, and they can be changed at any hotel one is staying at.'

'I never use circular notes either,' I replied; 'but as I sometimes visit quiet, out-of-the-way places, I find English sovereigns the most handy.'

'True,' said he; 'but the bulk and weight are troublesome: I should not like to carry a courier's bag like that over my shoulder.'

'I am accustomed to it, and do not mind it.'

Soon we turned in. The cupboard in which I performed this nautical feat contained four berths, three of which were tenanted by unfortunates who had undergone the extremest horrors of sea-sickness, and were now happily sunk in the lethargy of prostration. I removed my boots, coat, and neckcloth, rolled myself up on my shelf, and fell asleep, little thinking that a physical evil far worse than stoutness was at that moment preparing for the attack.

I dreamed that I was in a forest so thick, so lofty, that the rays of the sun could hardly penetrate, and perpetual twilight reigned. There were no birds, squirrels, insects even; I was the only living creature, and the silence was awful. To add to the horror, the ground swayed to and fro in waves of earthquake, and I expected it to open every moment under my feet; but there were no rumblings, and the trees were not shaken into rustling. The convulsions were as the noiseless spasms of a galvanised corpse. At length the appalling stillness was broken by a light distant crackling, as of something moving amongst dry leaves; nearer and louder it came, and soon I saw a gigantic serpent winding towards me through the trees. There was no beauty about the monster; its sluggish folds were slimy, toad-like; its eyes were cold, cruel, inexorable as death; it darted forth no barbed tongue, but shewed its poisoned fangs slowly and viciously, as a threatening dog does. It approached; its fetid breath stirred my hair, and I turned and fled. To no purpose: the thing gained and gained upon me till it was within striking distance, and then drew back its flat head for the blow. In my despair, I sprang at an overhanging branch, caught it, and strove to swing myself up. Alas! I was too slow; the reptile fastened on my left foot, and its fangs were plunged into the great toe. If the reader desires to appreciate the sensation, he may heat the point of a packing-needle in the fire till it is glowing white, and then thrust it into his corresponding member.

An inverted blessing escaped from my lips as I sat up with a jerk, meeting the planking above the berth smartly with my forehead. It was like a double-barrelled gun going off: 'Bang! bang!' Horace sings somewhere about striking the stars with his sublime head, and that is what I must

have done, for I saw them. But the toe-pang was too sharp to permit of my paying much attention at the moment to what was going on at the other end of me.

My Shakspeare had taught me to think lightly of dreams; but this vision could hardly be called a baseless fabric, for it left a most decided rack behind. Wow! Worra-worra! it came again, red hot, and right through the joint. What could it be? Not a scorpion or centipede, first, because in these latitudes we are spared their society, as a compensation probably for colds in the head; next, that the pain arising from a sting is for some time steady, and I only felt a tingling after the second twinge. Nevertheless, I struck a light, in defiance of ship-rules, and searched, but saw nothing more formidable than the antennæ of cockroaches quivering between the planks. An examination of the afflicted toe shewed it to be inflamed: perhaps it was cramp; perhaps I had strained a particularly sensitive nerve in my struggles with the dream-serpent. My first impulse was to get up, especially as the absence of motion shewed that we were in the river, and the gray light of early morning was shining through the port-hole; but the noise of men washing the deck deterred me, and after awhile I fell asleep again.

The dream did not recur, which was fortunate, as the effects of the first were still painfully obtrusive when I finally roused out, and it was with difficulty I got my boot on. My new acquaintance accosted me amid the confusion of landing, and asked if I intended making any stay at Rotterdam. I told him no; I was going on to Düsseldorf, en route for Cologne. Why, Düsseldorf was his own destination: how singular! We would travel together. I had no objection; I cannot talk Dutch, either High or Low, and the young man certainly saved me a deal of trouble at the quay and the railway station.

We got a *coupé* to ourselves.

'Why, what a bump you have got on your forehead!' he exclaimed when I hung my hat up. 'Did you fall out of your berth last night?'

'No; but'— I told him the whole story, dream and all.

'Hum!' said he gravely: 'I wish you would let me see the toe.'

'Are you a surgeon?' I asked, painfully pulling my boot off.

'Not exactly,' replied he—'that is, perhaps you would not call me one. Tut, tut; the bite of the serpent has produced in a second the same result that port, burgundy, venison, whitebait, turtle, take years to effect. My dear sir, you have got—gout!'

'Gout!' I feebly gasped.

'Decided. But never mind; I will soon bring it out of you when we get to Düsseldorf. You may thank your stars that you have not fallen into the hands of the faculty. I am hydropathical, and your complaint is just the one to which the cold-water treatment is best adapted.'

Gout! The fatal word meant pain, sickness, doctors, lameness, and, worse still, temperance and sobriety: this was what I was condemned to, then, for the term of my natural life.

'Bibisti satis, edisti satis, atque ludisti;
Tempus est ire.'

I murmured. My companion, who was evidently

not a Latin scholar, looked solemn, and raised his hat, under the impression that I was uttering a prayer. But what mattered classical attainment? Smitten suddenly and unexpectedly with a sore, though noble, malady in a foreign land, the language of which I could neither speak nor understand, far from the physicians of my country, I clung to this medical straw. Under more favourable circumstances, indeed, I should have recoiled from the idea of trusting my precious person to the tender mercies of any man who had not a great many capital letters after his name, or who wore rings on his forefingers; but now I was demoralised and trusting. Besides, I had really heard of some public character who had been treated for gout hydropathically and with success—a statesman, or novelist, or something.

We arrived at Düsseldorf, and my companion took me to a second-class hotel near the station, where, he said, the attendance, &c., was just as good as at the expensive one to which English travellers usually went, while the charges were about half. The fact that no one connected with the establishment spoke a word of English or French did not matter, since the young man was to manage everything, and attend upon me himself till I had thrown off the attack, which he promised should be in two days' time at farthest.

He certainly commenced my treatment promptly. That evening I drank a gallon of water, and had my foot, which was now much inflamed and very tender, swathed in wet bandages surrounded by dry ones; and on the following morning, servants having brought many sheets and pails into my bedroom, the young man locked the door, and commenced serious operations. One of the sheets was set to soak in one of the pails; I was invited to rise and attire myself in the costume of Gibson's 'Venus.' Then I was suddenly draped in the saturated sheet, and really thought I should never get my breath again, the shock was so great. Then commenced a swaddling process, dry sheets being wound round and round me over the wet one, till I was like a sweet onion with a damp heart; and in this state I lay on my back on the bed, a live mummy, unable to stir hand or foot.

'Do you glow now?' asked the young man. I did; I was cooking 'in my juice.' 'That is right, it will draw the gout out of you: now open your mouth; so.'

When I complied, he put a handkerchief, tightly rolled up, into it, keeping it in its place with another inserted like a bit, and tied tightly at the back of my head.

'Don't try to speak, for it will be a useless exertion,' said the young man. 'If you want to know what I have gagged you for, I will tell you; it is to prevent you from calling for help. You cannot move hand or foot, you cannot make yourself heard, so now I am going to rob you.' And the villain positively proceeded, under my very eyes, to ransack all my luggage, appropriating to himself every note, every coin he could find, and he found all I possessed.

'I leave you your watch, your chain, and your ring,' he said at last; 'and now I must bid you good-bye. I will tell the people to come and look after you in a couple of hours, by which time I shall be beyond the reach of pursuit. Sorry I cannot stay to see the success of my experiment upon the gout—ta, ta!'

I lay there gagged, bound, gouty, robbed, tricked, for two mortal hours, and I did not choke—which proves to my complete satisfaction that I am an angel: no merely human temper could have warded off suffocation.

Relief came, and an interpreter, and a doctor, and what foreigners consider a policeman, and—eventually—remittances. I got rid of that fit of gout (which, alas! was but a mild prelude) very soon, and continued my travels; but I never saw or heard anything more of my lost money, or of that very dishonourable and vulgar young man.

HAMBURG DURING THE WAR.

BY A NATIVE.

It was the beginning of July—the time when everybody who is able is making preparations for the holidays, which, for the schools, begin on the 17th of July, and generally last a month, while the vacations of the law courts and their functionaries last six weeks. Those who can afford a longer tour, think of going to Switzerland or to the Tyrol; others are satisfied with a trip to the Rhine or to the Harz; and those who cannot even afford this, have at least found some little spot in the country to go to, where the children may bask in the open air, and the elder members of the family be free from household cares and business for a short time.

Suddenly, all these glad anticipations came to a stand-still by rumours of a war impending between France and Germany—our dear Fatherland. The majority of people thought the idea preposterous: *L'empire c'est la paix*—this word flew from mouth to mouth. But on the 15th of July all speculations were at an end: the war was declared openly in the face of Europe. Those gentlemen who had sent their wives or families beforehand to some watering-place, hastened to fetch them back; and many were the adventures they had to tell on their return: how, at some stations, they could not get on, neither for love nor money; how, at others, they were obliged to enter cattle wagons, where they all stood huddled together—people who never had travelled otherwise than in a first-class carriage; for all the railroads were taken up with the despatch of the troops; and what wonders they effected in this respect, all Europe knows by this time.

But, with regard to our town—where perhaps the French atrocities of 1813–1815 are kept in more lively remembrance than in any other in Germany—every citizen felt it his duty to do something to ward off the coming danger. We all agreed that no price could be too dear to keep the French at a distance. So, when the senate of Hamburg assembled the 'Bürgerschaft,' and called on them to vote 50,000 f. banco for war expenses, they unanimously agreed that it was better to give 100,000 at once. Such a piece of patriotism was unheard of in our town, and everybody felt a glow of natural pride. Then came news from every place, large or small, in the beloved Fatherland, where similar calls had met with similar responses. In this excited state of feeling a whole week passed by, and then the thought—which had at first possessed every mind—that the French would cross the Rhine next day, invade Germany, blockade our ports, &c., began to wear off gradually. 'What did the French mean by not coming

immediately?' The papers spread the report, that the unity of South Germany with the Northern Bund had discomfited the enemy, and frustrated their plans.

Meanwhile, a great many troops passed through Hamburg, and were quartered on the inhabitants either for a shorter or longer period; and wherever these went, they were received with good-will, and people did their utmost to shew them kindness and hospitality. It was the first time, since the Prussian law of enrolling the sons of the population had been introduced, that a war had broken out, and those families who formerly felt secure in their wealth to protect their sons from actual service, now had to send them forth along with the rest. But the patriotism was so great, that one thousand young men, who were free to remain at home, enlisted of their own free-will, and many more, who announced their intention to do the same, and who were found either too young, or perhaps not strong enough, to bear the hard-hips of a campaign, united in forming a sort of military band, to assist the sick and wounded. To be able to do this effectually, they had to go through a regular course of surgery; and if the papers do not flatter our young fellow-citizens too much, we may be proud of our sons in that respect too. The peaceful burghers, too, united in labours of love. Some made it their special mission to provide for the sick and wounded; others went to the railroad stations to refresh those of the troops who only passed through Hamburg, with food, wine, beer, and cigars. Ladies who never had thought of contributing anything to the general welfare, volunteered their services. Indeed, there were so many who wished to be of use, that the ladies of the committees were at a loss how to provide sufficient work for all the applicants. So, some who had meant to nurse the wounded soldiers, were persuaded to take care of the children of married men who had been obliged to leave for the war; by this means saving them the expenses of the school. Others took care of the poor women, who, suddenly bereft of their stay, were obliged to earn a living for themselves and their children. In this manner, a great many sorrowful hearts were lightened of their burdens, as far as their fellow-citizens were able to do so.

True, there were still a great many people who began to suffer *indirectly* from the war, as by this time the Elbe was blocked up, and trade was at a stand-still. To help *them* was a much more difficult thing. For example, round about Hamburg, and especially on the other side of the Elbe in Hanover, are a great many villages where they grow nothing but fruit, which they send to our town. Now, a large city consumes a great deal of fruit, yet as much and more is regularly sent from here to England; but as no vessel could pass the mouth of the Elbe unmolested, no fruit could be sent either; and so quantities of cherries, plums, and pears were left to rot on the trees, as the people did not even find it worth while to take them down. They had to pay about 1s. 4d. a day to a labourer, and more they were not able to get for a hundred pounds of fruit, which is about the tenth part of what they are accustomed to derive at other times. On the other hand, the circumstance that nothing could be sent to England, prevented the price of meat from rising to an unreasonable degree, which might easily have been the case, as there was so much sent to the army.

The only article which has become rather dear is butter, and that is owing more to the wet summer than to anything else.

But to return to the war. A fortnight had passed by in suspense, and then all of a sudden we were startled anew by a report which proved true: the Germans have crossed the Rhine, and wherever they go, victory is with them! It is impossible to describe with what feelings these news were received: 'The Germans had attacked the French on their own soil, and beaten them!' We were dumb with excitement; we had not expected such good fortune! True, everybody had predicted: 'We shall conquer the French;' but most people had also added prudently: 'but it will take time, and cost a great deal of blood.' But now we had begun with a victory! When the news had spread like wild-fire, the whole town hoisted its flags; and in the evening the principal houses and streets were illuminated, especially the far-famed 'Jungfernstieg,' where the reflection of the light in the water always produces a brilliant effect.

Meanwhile, the work of the ladies and gentlemen who were to provide for the wounded had gone on steadily. The ladies, matrons, and young girls worked every morning in a large body in the arcades of the Exchange (a large saloon, which in a manner belongs to the Exchange, but has a separate entrance from the street. The gentlemen received contributions in goods and money, packed bales and boxes, &c.; and when the news of the first battle and victory became known, they sent these things, together with a large quantity of ice, to the seat of war, and had the satisfaction to be the first on the spot who were alleviating the sufferings of the wounded and dying. Those who accompanied this train say they shall never forget the horrors they saw, or the gratitude they met with.

Some time after this it was that our own troops—that is to say, the sons of Hamburg, who, since the 4th of August, had been quartered in the environs—were sent forth upon the battle-field. They went away on the 26th of August. How many accompanied them to the railroad station, how they were cheered, &c., is a scene which has been repeated in every town and every village throughout Germany, and we shall therefore not describe it.

On Wörth followed the battle of Weissenburg, and several smaller encounters, till at last the great news from Sedan came. It was eleven o'clock in the evening of the 2d of September when the telegraph brought the news to Hamburg. There is a 'Society of Arts and Sciences,' whose meeting-place is in the immediate neighbourhood of the Exchange. There the news was proclaimed first; and when the assemblage heard it, they rose, embraced each other, and then went away to procure torches, after which they went in a procession round the Exchange, finally entered it, and gave many cheers for the king, Count Bismark, and Moltke. Next morning, the street rang with the cry of the newspaper vendors: 'The Emperor Napoleon a prisoner.' People who hardly knew each other embraced in the street; strangers were accosted: 'Have you heard the news!—the Emperor is a prisoner.' The children, going to school as usual (for in Hamburg the custom of day-schools prevails), were sent home by the teachers with the glad news, after having

sung in chorus *Die Wacht am Rhein*, which all of a sudden has become the most popular song, just as Becher's *Rheinlied* was once. Nothing characterises the times so much as the circumstance, that not only where grown-up people are gathered together, but also among children, there is no talk of anything else but the war. The boys, of course, play at soldiers everywhere; but even the little girls shew their patriotism by sewing and knitting for the wounded, and by talking of politics wherever they meet. In the beginning, the public interest in the war was so great, that those of the lower classes who saw gentlemen go with extra papers in hand reading in the street, accosted them, and asked leave just to read the news. Every official intelligence is affixed in the Exchange and outside the post-office; and there groups of people are always to be seen. There was no thought of business all that great day. On the Exchange, instead of buying and selling, as usual, some of the first merchants organised a new collection for the wounded, and in less than half-an-hour had made a great collection in hard cash. In the evening, every house, even the poorest, was illuminated.

In the meantime there were brought a great many wounded soldiers to Hamburg and Altona; and as there is better air and freer space at the last-named town, twelve barracks were erected on a large field outside the town, in the neighbourhood of the railroad which keeps up the communication between the two places. Of these twelve barracks, our citizens paid the expenses and took the care; while four others were provided for by the community of Altona. Besides this, there were several large houses in the suburbs of Hamburg which they filled with the wounded; and though it was said that, on account of the distance, only those whose wounds were of a slighter nature had been allowed to come to us, still a great many of the poor fellows were very badly hurt.

At first it was permitted to visit the barracks; but curiosity being just as strong with most people as pity, it was soon found expedient not to admit anybody without tickets-of-leave, or who did not belong to the regular attendance. Those of the soldiers who had recovered so far that they were permitted to take exercise in the open air were always attended either by a crowd of boys, or by some gentlemen, who found pleasure in treating them to a glass of wine, beer, &c.; eliciting in return the news from the seat of war. In the beginning, too, many of the soldiers, who were partly recovered, were lodged with the wealthy inhabitants of the town, who, of their own accord, had offered to take them. But the people overdid them in kindness. If the doctor had happened to order water-gruel for the patient, they gave him the most substantial meal, with champagne into the bargain; by this means much retarding his recovery. So the committee were obliged to refuse such hospitalities after the first attempt. In the barracks, most of the soldiers recovered from their wounds very speedily; and though some got the typhus fever, and were accordingly parted from the others, still only a few died. But it is generally acknowledged that not only has the care of the physicians (most of whom did this labour of love without any fee at all) and of the nurses been unrenitting, but also the ladies and gentlemen who had made it their duty to provide for the sick and wounded did

their utmost to satisfy all claims made upon their time and money. Speaking of these relief committees, we cannot forbear to remark how much has been done by our town to alleviate the sufferings of those poor fellows who were wounded on the battle-field. People did not feel satisfied with sending quantities of refreshments, and all sorts of things for dressing the wounds, to France, but each load was accompanied by two or three gentlemen, who took care that the bounty of their fellow-citizens was distributed in the right place. To be sure, many other towns have done the like.

After the battle of Sedan, there were sent a thousand French prisoners to Hamburg. They were quartered on board one of the large steamers which in times of peace keep up the communication between New York and Hamburg. Here they would dance upon the deck to the music of a street organ: so it was clear they were not very sorry to be separated from their comrades.

At the end of September, on the 27th, Strasbourg fell; and already, some days beforehand, it had been rumoured that the French fleet had left its station at the mouth of the Elbe. If this proved true, many people would breathe easier, for in our town, where nearly all, high and low, live by commerce, everything is at a stand-still when the navigation is broken off. Nevertheless, there were few who complained; those who did belonged to the poorer classes, actually living from hand to mouth: the wealthier citizens were full of the feeling that no sacrifices ought to seem too great in consideration of all the evils we were saved from by the victories of our army. If, instead of conquering the French, our troops had been beaten—if the French had invaded Germany, and devastated all the countries through which they passed, as they had done in former times—if the French fleet had landed soldiers on our shore, and rifled the Bank of Hamburg, as they did in 1813, what then? So everybody was, and is, willing to bear his share of the burden. It is scarcely possible to count all the unions the wealthier part of the community has set on foot to assist the needier, and they are assisted in their endeavours by the whole population. Even the school children unite, and arrange lotteries; artists give concerts, distributing the profits of their performances to one or other of the different unions. And, by-the-bye, the concerts which had this aim were the only ones which were frequented; the theatres and all other public exhibitions were but little visited; people's heads were full of other matters. Patriotism ran high, for we all suddenly felt what a grand thing it was to belong to this nation of 'philosophers and poets,' who suddenly had proved herself to be also a people of 'action.' And though the French papers did not cease to speak of *l'armée Prussienne*, in Germany we only heard and spoke of the German army. And when, by degrees, news came that some well-known people at Hamburg had lost their sons, we still felt we had been spared mercifully, because our neighbour-town, Altona, which lies only at a stone's throw from Hamburg, and where the population is so much smaller, had lost a great many of her sons, who formed the 11th Regiment, which suffered so dreadfully at the Spicherenberg.

After the fall of Strasbourg, there came a time of comparative quiet. Some thought Paris would surrender sooner than Metz; others asked, what